Giue it the Captaine? *Duke.* Hast thee for thy life.
Bast. He hath Commission from thy wife and me,
To hang *Cordelia* in the prison, and to lay
The blame vpon her owne despaire,
That she fordid her selfe.
Duke. The Gods defend her, beare him hence a while.
Enter Lear with Cordelia in his armes.
Lear. Howle, howle, howle, howle, O you are men of stones,
Had I your tongues and eyes, I would vse them so,
That heauens vault should cracke, shees gone for euer,
I know when one is dead, and when one liues,
Shees dead as earth, lend me a looking glasse,
If that her breath will mist or staine the stone,
Why then she liues. *Kent.* Is this the promist end.
Edg. Or image of that horror. *Duke.* Fall and cease.
Lear. This feather stirs she liues, if it be so,
It is a chance which do's redeeme all sorowes
That euer I haue felt. *Kent.* A my good maister.
Lear. Prethe away? *Edg.* Tis noble *Kent* your friend.
Lear. A plague vpon your murderous traytors all,
I might haue saued her, now shees gone for euer,
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little, ha,
What ist thou sayest, her voyce was euer soft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in women,
I kild the slaue that was a hanging thee.
Cap. Tis true my Lords, he did.
Lear. Did I not fellow? I haue seene the day,
With my good biting Fauchon I would
Haue made them skippe, I am old now,
And these same crosses spoyle me, who are you?
Mine eyes are not o the best, ile tell you straight.
Kent. If Fortune bragd of two she loued or hated,
One of them we behold. *Lear.* Are not you *Kent?*
Kent. The same your seruant *Kent*, where is your seruant *Caius?*
Lear. Hees a good fellow, I can tell that,
Heele strike and quickly too, hees dead and rotten.
Kent. No my good Lord, I am the very man,
Lear. Ile see that straight.

Kent.

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